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Tales and Miscellanies.

THE PLAY AT VENICE.

Some years since, a German Prince making a tour of Europe, stopped at Venice for a short period. It was the close of summer, the Adriatic was calm, the nights were lovely. The Venetian women in the full enjoyment of those delicious spirits, that, in their climate, rise and fall with the coming and the departure of this finest season of the year. Every day was given, by the illustrious stranger, to researches among the records and antiquities of this singular city; and every night, to parties on the Brenta or the sea. As the morning was nigh, it was the custom to return from the water, to sup at some of the palaces of the nobility. In the commencement of his intercourse, all national distinctions were carefully suppressed. But as his intimacy increased, he was forced to see the lurking vanity of the Italians breaking out. One of its most frequent exhibitions was in the little dramas, that wound up those stately festivities. The wit was constantly sharpened by some contrast of the Italian and the German, some slight aspersion on Teutonic rudeness, some remark on the history of a people untouched by the elegance of Southern manners. The sarcasm was conveyed with Italian grace, and the offence softened by its humor. It was obvious that the only retaliation must be humorous. At length, the Prince, on the point of taking leave, invited his entertainers to a farewell supper. He drew the conversation to the infinite superiority of the Italians, and above all of the Venetians, acknowledged the darkness in which Germany had been destined to remain so long, and looked forward with infinite sorrow to the comparative opinion of posterity, upon a country to which so little of its gratitude must be due. "But my Lords," said he, rising, "we are an emulous people, and an example like yours cannot be lost even upon a German. I have been charmed with your dramas, and have contrived a little arrangement to give one of our country, if you will condescend to follow me to the great hall." The company rose and followed him through the splendid suit of a Venetian villa, to the hall which was fitted up as a German barn. The aspect of the theatre, produced first surprise, and next an universal smile. It had no resemblance to the gilded and sculptured saloons of their own sumptuous little theatres. However, it was only so much the more Teutonic. The curtain drew up. The surprise rose into loud laughter, even among the Venetians, who have been seldom betrayed into any thing beyond a smile, for generations together. The stage was a temporary erection, rude and uneven. The scenes represented a wretched and irregular street, scarcely lighted by a few twinkling lamps, and looking the fit haunt of robbery and assassination. On a narrower view, some of the noble spectators began to think it had a kind of resemblance to an Italian street, and some actually discovered in it, one of the leading streets of their own famous city. But the play was on a German story, they were under a German roof, the street was, notwithstanding its ill-omened similitude, of course, German. The street was solitary. At length, a traveller, a German, with pistols in a belt round his waist, and apparently exhausted by his journey, came heavily pacing along. He knocked at several of the doors; but could obtain no admission. He then wrapped himself up in his cloak, sat down upon a fragment of a monument, and soliloquized. "Well, here have I come, and this is my reception. All palaces, no inns; all nobles, and not a man to tell me where I can lie down in comfort, or in safety. Well, it cannot be helped. A German does not much care: campaigning has hardened effeminacy among us. Hunger and thirst, heat and cold, dangers of war and the roads, are not very formidable, after what we have had to work through from father to son. Loneliness, however, is not so well, unless a man can labor or read. Read, that's true: come out Zimmerman. He drew a volume from his pocket, moved nearer to a decaying lamp, and soon seemed absorbed. He had, till now, been the only object. Another soon shared the eyes of the spectators. A long, light figure, came with a kind of visionary movement from behind the monument, surveyed the traveller with keen curiosity, listened with apparent astonishment to his words, and in another moment, had fixed itself gazing over his shoulder on the volume. The eyes of this singular being, wandered rapidly over the page; and when it was turned, they were lifted up to heaven, with the strongest expression of wonder. The German was weary, his head soon drooped over his study, and he closed the book. "What," said he, rising and stretching his limbs, "is there no one stirring in this comfortless place? Is it not near day?" He took out his repeater, and touched the pendant; it struck four. His mysterious attendant had watched him narrowly, the repeater was traversed over with an eager gaze; but

when it struck, delight was mingled with the wonder that had till then filled its pale, intelligent countenance. "Four o'clock," said the German, "in my country, half the world would be thinking of going to the day's work by this time. In another hour, it will be sunrise. Well then, I'll do you a service, you nation of sleepers, and make you open your eyes." He drew out one of his pistols, and fired it. The attendant form, still hovering behind him, had looked curiously upon the pistol; but on its going off, started back in terror, and with a loud cry that made the traveller turn. "Who are you?" was his greeting to this strange intruder. "I will not hurt you," was the answer.

"Who cares about that?" was the German's retort, and he pulled out the other pistol.

"My friend," said the figure, "Even that weapon of thunder and lightning cannot reach me now. But if you would know who I am, let me entreat you to satisfy my curiosity a moment. You seem a man of extraordinary powers."

"Well then," said the German, in a gentler tone, "if you come as a friend, I shall be glad to give you information; it is the custom of our country, to deny nothing to those who will love or learn."

The former sighed deeply and murmured, "And yet, you are a Teuton; but you were just reading a little case of strange, and yet most interesting figures; was it a manuscript?"

"No, it was a printed book."

"Printed, what is printing? I never heard but of writing."

"It is an art by which one man can give to the world in one day, as much as three hundred could give by writing, and in a character of superior clearness, correctness and beauty; one, by which, books are made universal, and literature eternal."

"Admirable, glorious art!" said the inquirer; "who was its illustrious inventor?"

"A German!"

"But another question. I saw you look at a most curious instrument traced with figures, it sparkled with diamonds, but its greatest wonder was its sound. It gave the hour with miraculous exactness, and the strokes were followed by tones superior to the sweetest music of my day."

"That was a repeater."

"How! when I had the luxuries of the earth at my command, I had nothing to tell the hour better than the clepsydra and the sun-dial. But this must be incomparable from its facility of being carried about, from its suitability to all hours, from its exactness. It must be an admirable guide even to higher knowledge. All depends upon the exactness of time. It may assist navigation, astronomy. What an inventor! whose was it? he must be more than man."

"He was a German!"

"What, still a barbarian! I remember his nation. I once saw an auxiliary legion of them, marching towards Rome. They were a bold and brave blue-eyed troop. The whole city poured out to see those Northern warriors; but we looked on them only as gallant savages."

I have one more question, the most interesting of all. I saw you raise your hand, with a small truncheon in it; in a moment, something rushed out, that seemed a portion of the fire of the clouds. Were they thunder and lightning that I saw? Did they come by your command? Was that truncheon a talisman, and are you a mighty magician? Was that truncheon a sceptre commanding the elements? Are you a god?"

The strange inquirer had drawn back gradually, as his feelings rose. Curiosity was now solemn wonder, and he stood gazing upward, in an attitude that mingled awe with devotion. The German felt the sensation of a superior presence growing on himself as he looked on the fixed countenance of this mysterious being. It was in that misty blending of light and darkness which the moon leaves as it sinks just before morn. There was a single hue of pale grey in the East that touched its visage with a chill light, the moon resting broadly on the horizon was setting behind, the figure seemed as if it was standing in the orb. Its arms were lifted towards Heaven, and the light came through its drapery with the mild splendor of a vision. But the German, habituated to the vicissitudes of "perils by flood and field," shook off his brief alarm, and proceeded calmly to explain the source of his miracle. He gave a slight detail of the machinery of the pistol, and alluded to the history of gunpowder.

"It must be a mighty instrument in the hands of men, for either good or ill," said the form. "How much it must influence the fates of nations! By whom was this wondrous secret revealed to the treaders upon the earth?"

"A German!"

The form seemed suddenly to enlarge; its feebleness of voice was gone, its attitude was irresistably noble. Before it had uttered a word, it looked as made to persuade and command. Its outer robe had been flung away; it now stood with an antique dress of brilliant white, gathered in many folds, and edged with a deep border of purple; a slight wreath of laurel, dazzlingly green, was on its brow. It looked like the Genius of Eloquence. "Stranger," said it, pointing to the Appennines, which were then beginning to be marked by the twilight, "eighteen hundred years have passed away, since I was the glory of all beyond those mountains. Eighteen hundred years have passed into the great flood of eternity, since I entered Rome in triumph, and was honored as the leading mind of the great intellectual empire of the world. But I knew nothing of those things. I was a child to you: we were all children to the discoverers of those glorious potencies. But has Italy not been still the mistress of mind? She was then first of the first; has she not kept her superiority? Show me her noble inventions.—I must soon sink from the earth—let me learn still to love my country."

The listener started back: "Who, what are you?"

"I am a Spirit. I was CICERO. Show me, by the love of a patriot, what Italy now sends out to enlighten mankind."

The German looked embarrassed; but in a moment after he heard the sound of a pipe and tabor. He pointed, in silence, to the narrow street from which the interruption came. A ragged figure tottered out, with a barrel organ at his back, a frame of puppets in his hand, a hurdy-gurdy round his neck, and a string of dancing dogs in his train. CICERO uttered but one sigh—"Is this Italy?" The German bowed his head. The showman began his cry—"Raree show, fine raree show against de wall! Fine Madame Catarina dance upon de ground. Who come for de galante show?" The organ struck up, the dogs danced, the Italian capered round them. CICERO raised his broad gaze to Heaven; "These the men of my country—these the orators, the poets, the patriots of mankind? What scorn and curse of Providence can have fallen upon them?" As he gazed, tears suddenly suffused his eyes, the first sunbeam struck across the spot where he stood, a purple mist rose around him, and he was gone!

The Venetians, with one accord, started from their seats, and rushed out of the hall. The Prince and his suite had previously arranged every thing for leaving the city, and they were beyond the Venetian territory by sunrise. Another night in Venice, and they would have been on their way to the other world.

From Miss Pardoe's Traits and Traditions.

VISIT TO A PORTUGUESE CONVENT

OF NUNS OF LA TRAPPE.

Sacavem possessed a Convent of Female Trappists; the strictest order in the country: and I naturally felt a great curiosity, to pay a visit to the community; and consequently requested the Rector to be kind enough to obtain permission for me to converse with the nuns. He assured me that there would be great difficulty in doing this, as they were not allowed to speak even to their own relatives; one of the community being appointed yearly, to answer all inquiries at the grate; but he assured me that he would use his influence with the Confessor, whose acquiescence in my request might perhaps, be the more readily obtained, that he would, at the same time, have an opportunity of gratifying his own curiosity. In a few days, the welcome intelligence had arrived that the holy father had acceded to our wishes, and had appointed the following morning for our visit. When we entered the great square of the convent, we discovered the monk seated on the steps of the chapel, pulling up one of his stockings! He was a remarkably tall man, and evidently vain of his person. He received us very graciously; and expressed great pleasure at this opportunity of convincing us of his desire to oblige; but said that he feared we should be much disappointed, as the nuns were most of them very old, and he had no doubt very ugly also, though he had never seen any of them: he followed up his remark by observing that he thought all those who had voluntarily, taken the vows of this order were *star douda*, when there were plenty of convents in Portugal where they might have eaten and drank as much as they pleased, and have had good clothes upon their backs; but that it was their own affair, and they must now make the best of it! After this very pious harangue, he led the way to his apartment, which was extremely comfortable; and indeed, possessed (for Portugal) many luxuries.

*Great Fools.

Here he presented us with some most excellent wine, oranges, and dried grapes.

The nuns of this order, never, as he informed us, tasted any thing from the first day of their novitiate, but fish and vegetables; sickness, even the most violent, producing no alteration in this respect; or, indeed, in any other; for, even in the most desperate cases, all earthly assistance was forbidden, as tending to counteract the will of God. "If," said he, "God has willed that they should die, they must—and if he has ordained that they should recover, they will." And, in the spirit of this bigoted argument, all medical advice is held as a sin; and they, consequently, use no effort to alleviate suffering, or to remove disease.

They make the most delicate sweetmeats, which they are not permitted even to taste; and the most beautiful flowers which are manufactured in Portugal, are the produce of their hours of recreation: the royal family are supplied from this convent; and the high altar of their own chapel, affords no imperfect proof of their proficiency in this beautiful art.—They are limited in their quantity of nourishment, bad, or rather, poor as it is: and they are covered by a single garment, which is given them on the day of their profession, and is never replaced; this garment is of the coarsest serge, and they wear no linen beneath it. Like the monks of La Trappe, they every day, throw out a spadeful of earth from their graves; and sleep on a plank strewn with ashes, on which, they also die:—but let it not be thought, that any effort is made even "to smooth the bed of death,"—in the last agonies, the plank is but over-strown the more thickly; and *nails and flints* are added to the ashes, by which, it was previously covered—and thus they die—the garment which had enveloped them during life, forming their shroud!

The only door of admission into that portion of the building inhabited by the community, is always kept locked, and the key is in the possession of the Confessor, *pro tempore*.—These monks are of the order of mendicant friars, and are changed every month.

After we had been some time in the convent, the Confessor went into an inner apartment, and brought out a very beautiful bunch of artificial laurestinas, which he gave to me, telling me at the same time, that the nuns would probably offer me some flowers in the wheel, but that they would be of an inferior quality; for after the choicest had been sent off to the *Infantas*, the best which remained were given to him, for the use of the chapel.

I should mention that this convent possessed no lands, nor revenues of any description; and was maintained entirely by the industry of the sisterhood: it was evident, nevertheless, that the holy guardian of their consciences did not suffer any of the pangs of poverty.

Having learnt all these particulars from the monk, we proceeded to look at his confessional; it was snugly carpeted, and contained a very comfortable arm-chair, and a stove for charcoal. The grate, through which the voice of the penitent entered this apartment, I can compare to nothing which it more resembled than the bottom of a tin colander, the holes being pierced precisely in the same manner.

From the confessional, we went to the parlor, a miserable looking, confined apartment, with a brick floor; the grating perforated like that of the confessional, but rather more open; and guarded by long iron spikes. The monk, greatly to my satisfaction, did not enter the parlor with us; as, although he permitted the interview, if such a term be applicable to a meeting where the parties were not supposed to have even a glimpse of each other; he, nevertheless, could not countenance it, by his presence.

The Prioress, who was already at the grate when we entered, welcomed us, in a weak, tremulous voice, which, at once, proclaimed great age; she expressed herself devotedly attached to the English; General Beresford having, during the Peninsular War, protected her convent from the French, and her community from dishonor. The enemy had retreated before the British forces: as these crossed the bridge, she stood at the open gate of her convent at the head of her trembling flock: and as the troops drew near, herself and her nuns threw themselves on their knees, prepared for whatever severity her conquerors might inflict upon them. The gallant General, at once, advanced; and, probably from not speaking the language, drew his sword and laid it on the earth between them and himself: "And we were saved!" said the feeble voice in conclusion. "I never think of that day, but I weep; and on every anniversary of our deliverance, we put up most earnest prayers for the brave General, and likewise for his gallant countrymen."

She appeared to converse with us with painful upbraiding, repeatedly remarking, that, although their Confessor had, with an indulgence of which herself and her community were unworthy, permitted them to have the happiness of receiving our visit, they must do heavy penance, to free their souls of such a weight of worldly enjoyment. She then told us her own history; and I only wondered that she had lived to so great an age, with such a story to tell!! She was the daughter of the Marquis of Tavora, who was condemned as one of the conspirators against the life of Dom. Jose I. Her father and mother, each, lost their right hand, and were subsequently beheaded—their whole family being collected round the scaffold; the unhappy narrator herself, then only four years of age, in the arms of a nurse—her brother, a youth of seventeen, was compelled to dip his

hands in the life blood of his parents, and then shared their fate—of her young and lovely sisters, I dare not speak—to have immolated them also, had been mercy—for herself, they reserved a more lingering misery, and she was conveyed, infant as she was, to this convent, where she had worn away eighty years of a miserable existence! I trust that, ere this, she sleeps calmly within her grave.

The sub-prioress was sister to the celebrated Marquis of Pombal, and, after his disgrace, came to hide her sorrows under this repelling and inhospitable roof.

The sisterhood had not increased their numbers for twelve years, and they were really absolutely childish in their ideas. I endeavored to persuade them, to admit me into the interior of the convent; but they soon convinced me that this was impossible; the only mode of ingress being by the wheel, a sin too deadly to admit of a moment's thought. Soberly did they strive to induce me to take the veil, and remain with them; they used many arguments, and at length, told me that if I could consent, there would be a *whole week's* festival in the convent; their ideas of worldly happiness, had become so contracted, that they conceived such an inducement to be irresistible!

Their only enjoyment, and that, I am ready to concede, must have been a great one, was their beautiful flower-garden, which they necessarily tended entirely themselves, and where they cultivated the most rare and valuable flowers, in order to serve as models for their work. Before we left the convent, they put into the wheel, several specimens of their art, together with some sweetmeats, which they pressed us to accept; and we, in return, presented to them, half a dozen pounds of tea and sugar, having previously obtained permission of the Confessor for them to accept our very useful, if not very sentimental, offering. Poor things! they were actually bewildered with delight—they had been but little accustomed to such luxuries.

In the course of our conversation, I asked the Prioress, if she would allow me to endeavor to obtain a sight of the apartment in which she was then standing? She told me in reply, that she was so thoroughly convinced of the impossibility of my doing so, that I was at liberty to make the attempt. I accordingly knelt down, and fixed my eyes steadily on a particular point; for a time, I could not distinguish any thing; but at length, on being playfully urged by one of the community, to tell them what I saw, I replied, "I see a *panella*!"

A voice softly articulated, "*Ah, Jesus!*" "And now I see a basket of oranges." There was a dead silence. "And now," I continued, delighted at my success, "I see one of the ladies."

"*Nada! nada!*" said the sub-prioress. "Pardon me, *minha Senhora*, it is you who have now spoken whom I see: your hands are crossed upon your breast, and you wear a white gown, edged with black."

Long before I had finished speaking, the nun disappeared. They all seemed perfectly overwhelmed, on discovering that they could be seen from the parlor; and the sound of suppressed sobbing was distinctly perceptible. They implored me to rise, and not to attempt looking at them again. I instantly complied with the wish; and in fact, I had seen all which I desired to see. The gown was coarse enough for sacking, and must have been positively painful, until the wearer became accustomed to it; and the face of the sub-prioress, who was the individual of whom I had obtained a glimpse, for it was literally nothing more, was pale and haggard, and her hair perfectly gray: she is the very nun that fancy would frame—a personification of fast, and vigil, and penance.

How balmy seemed the breath of heaven, as I emerged from that gloomy pile. I felt that the sun and trees had never looked so bright nor green. I have often thought, since, of these misguided recluses, and pitied them from my very heart of hearts—they appeared to be so simple-minded, so humble, and so sincere.

The Confessor laughed when he joined us, to see that we had been weeping; and although I disliked the apathy which prompted the laugh, it was nevertheless welcome, for it changed the current of feeling; and, having thanked him for his politeness, I joyfully turned my back for ever on the Convent of La Trappe.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLAGUE AT MALTA, IN THE YEAR 1813.

About the beginning of May, 1813, a rumor was propagated, that the Plague had made its appearance in the city of La Valette, the capital of Malta. This report was treated with ridicule, by the Maltese faculty; and with merriment, by the populace. However, in a few days, symptoms of sickness exhibited themselves in the house of a person who had recently received some leather from the Levant. This man's child was taken ill, and died suddenly. His wife shared the same fate: and after having been carried to the quarantine hospital or Lazaretto, he too, fell a sacrifice to the unknown disease.

The dissolution of this family created, for some time, an alarm, which wavered between hope and fear; till all at once,

*A stone jar, containing water.

†No, no.

the pestilence burst forth in various parts of the town.—Amusements ceased—places of public worship were shut up: for it was confidently asserted, that infected persons having gone thither, communicated the evil to the multitude, and thereby conducted to its general diffusion.

The unusual heat of the sun, at this time, joined with the want of sea breezes, rendered La Valette so intolerably disagreeable, that many, of the higher orders, suddenly departed into the interior of the island; but, notwithstanding all their precautions, they carried the plague with them. In the early stages of its progress, the victims of this disease lingered about a week before they expired; but now it became so virulent, that a man fell lifeless in the street! People observed him stagger, reel round, and sink in convulsions; but none would venture near him—life was dear to all—and there was no power to compel them. Persuasion was used in vain: for it was immediately retorted—"Go yourself!"—One might as well ask them to rise a lion from his slumber, as to bear the victim to his grave. The time was critical, as the burning sun would soon putrefy the body, and thereby infect the air. In this dilemma, it was suggested to

Haste to the cell where Misery holds the gate,
And lingering hours in gloomy horrors wait.
Present the felon with a just reward,
And promise liberty, so long debarred.—
Behold! he starts—expression lights his eyes—
And hopes tumultuous in his bosom rise!
His friends partake the fervor of his flame,
And rush to freedom from the vale of shame!

They went, indeed: but their devotion only exchanged a prison for a grave—they all expired!

Prohibitory orders were now issued, commanding all persons from the streets, with the exception of those who had passports from the Governor, or the Board of Health. The consequence of this necessary precaution seemed to be, that the disease abated considerably, and very nearly ceased to exist. But while the rigor of quarantine was relaxing, and the intercourse of business renewing, the plague suddenly reappeared. This was owing to the reprehensible avarice of mercenary individuals, who had been employed to burn the furniture, clothes, &c., belonging to infected houses; but who, instead of effectually performing their duty, had secreted some articles of value, and some wearing apparel, which they now sold to needy people; who, ignorant of the consequence, strutted in the splendid garb of pestilence, to a nameless grave!

The plague now raged with accumulated horrors; and the Lazaretto being insufficient to contain one half of the sick, who were daily crowding in, temporary hospitals, were, at a very great expense, erected outside of the town. Indeed, no expense was spared to overcome the evil. But the manifest incapacity of the native doctors, or rather quacks, was worthy of their cowardice. They were woefully deficient in anatomy, and never had any distinct idea of symptom, cause, or effect. Their knowledge extended no farther than common-place medicine—and herbs—to the use and application of which, old women in all countries have equal pretensions. These unfeeling quacks could never be prevailed upon to approach within three yards of any patient whom they visited. They carried an opera-glass, with which they examined the diseased person in a hurried manner; being always ready to make their escape, if any one approached near enough to touch them.

About the middle of Summer, the plague became so deadly, that the number of its victims increased to an alarming degree—from fifty to seventy-five daily—the number falling sick was equal—indeed, greater. Such was the printed report of the Board of Health—but the real extent of the calamity was not known; for people had such apprehension of the plague hospitals, whither every person was carried with the sick from the infected houses, that they actually denied the existence of the disease in their families, and buried its victims in their houses or gardens. These were horrible moments! Other miseries of mankind bear no parallel to the calamities of the Plague. The sympathy which relatives feel for the wounded and the dying in battle, is but the shadow of that heart-rending affliction inspired by the ravages of pestilence. In the first, the scene is far removed; and were it present to the view, the comparison fades. Conceive in the same house, the beholder, the sickening, and the dying: to help, is dreadful! and to refuse assistance, is unnatural! It is like the shipwrecked mariner, trying to rescue his drowning companion, and sinking with him into the same oblivious grave!

Indeed, the better feelings of the heart were quenched by this appalling evil; and the natives who ventured to remove the sick and the dead, shared their fate in such numbers, that great apprehensions were entertained, lest, in a short time, none would be found to perform this melancholy office—but

Grecians came—a death-determined band,
Hell in their face—and horror in their hand!

Clad in oiled leather, these daring and ferocious Greeks volunteered their services effectually; but their number was so small, that recourse was had to the prisoners of war, for assistance. With a handsome reward, and the promise of gaining their liberty at the expiration of the Plague, the

French and Italian prisoners swept the streets, cleared and white-washed the infected houses, burning their furniture, &c., till we saw

Nights red with ruin—lightning in the morn!

The ignorance of the native Faculty was now assisted by the arrival of reputed plague-doctors, from Smyrna. These strangers excited great interest; and treated the malady with unbecoming contempt. They related the vehemence of pestilence in their country, where it was nothing unusual, when the morning arose, to find from one, to three, or four hundred persons in the streets and fields, stretched in the dewy air of death!—that the promptitude of the people was commensurate with the evil! for wherever a corpse was found, two men unbound their sashes, rolled them round the head and feet of the body, and hurried with it to the grave. However, they seemed to have left their knowledge at home; for though their indifference was astonishing, and their intrepidity most praiseworthy—entering into the vilest and most forbidding places—handling the sick, the dying, and the dead—the nature of this disease completely baffled their exertions, and defied their skill.

The *casals*, or villages of *Birchicarra*, *Zebbug*, and *Carini*, suffered lamentably; the last most severely, on account of its moist situation. The work of death was familiar to all; and black, covered vehicles, to which the number of victims made it necessary to have recourse, rendered the evil still more ghastly. In these vehicles, the dead were huddled together—

Men—women—babes—promiscuous, crowd the scene,
Till morning chase their bearers from the green!

Large pits had been previously scooped out, and thither the dead were conveyed at night, and tumbled in from these vehicles, in the same manner as rubbish is thrown from carts. They fled the approach of morning, lest the frequency of their visits, should fill the inhabitants with more alarming apprehensions. The silence of day was not less dreary than the dark parade of night. That silence, was now and then broken, by the dismal cry for the "Dead!" as the unhallowed bier passed along the streets, preceded and followed by guards. The miseries of disease contributed to bring on the horrors of famine! The island is very populous, and cannot support itself. Trade was at a stand—the bays were forsaken—and strangers, appearing off the harbor, on perceiving the yellow flag of quarantine, paused awhile, and raised our expectations only to depress our feelings more bitterly by their departure.

Sicily is the parent granary of Malta, but though the Sicilians had provisions on board their boats to come over, on hearing of the Plague, they absolutely refused to put to sea. The British Commodore, in Syracuse, was not to be trifled with in this manner, and left it to their choice, either to go to Malta, or to the bottom of the deep. They preferred the former; but, on their arrival at home, neither solicitation nor threat could induce their return. In this forlorn state, the *Moors* generously offered their services, and supplied the isle with provisions, which were distributed; but the extreme insolence and brutality of the creatures employed in that office, very often tended to make the hungry loathe that food which, a moment before, they had craved to eat.

In the Autumn, the Plague unexpectedly declined; and business began partly to revive. But every face betrayed a misgiving, lest it should return as formerly. People felt as sailors do on the sudden cessation of a storm, when the wind changes to the opposite point of the compass, only to blow with redoubled fury. Their conjecture was but too well founded. The Plague returned a third time, from a more melancholy cause than formerly: two men, who must have known themselves to be infected, sold bread in the streets—the poor-starving inhabitants bought it, and caught the infection. One of these scoundrels fell a victim to the disease, the other fled; but his career was short—the quarantine guard shot him in his endeavor to escape. This guard was composed of natives, who paraded the streets, having power to take up any person found abroad without a passport. The street of Pozzi was entirely depopulated, with the exception of one solitary girl, who remained about the house of her misery, like one of those spirits that are supposed to haunt mortality in the stillness of the grave! A thousand anecdotes might be related, from what fell under my own observation; but they are so touchingly sad, that I must omit them.

Fancy may conjecture a thousand horrors, but there is one scene which, when imagination keeps within the verge of probability, it will not be easy to surpass. About three hundred of the convalescent, were conveyed to a temporary Lazaretto, or ruinous building, in the vicinity of Fort Angelo: thither some more were taken afterwards—but it was like touching gunpowder with lightning—infection spread from the last, and such a scene ensued "as even imagination fears to trace." The catastrophe of the black-hole, at Calcutta, bears no comparison to this: there it was suffocation—here, it was the blasting breath of pestilence!—the living—the dying—and the dead, in one putrescent grave! Curse, prayers, and delirium, mingled in the groans of horror, till the shuddering hand of death, hushed the agonies of nature.

A singular calamity befel one of the holy brotherhood—his maid-servant having gone to draw some water, did not

return: the priest felt uneasy at her long absence, and, calling her in vain, went to the draw-well in quest of her—she was drowned! He laid hold of the rope with the intention of helping her—and in that act, was found, standing in the calm serenity of death!

The Plague usually attacked the sufferer with giddiness and want of appetite—apathy ensued. An abscess formed under each arm-pit, and one on the groin. It was the practice to dissipate these; and if that could be done, the patient survived; if not, the abscesses grew of a livid color, and suppurated. Then was the critical moment—of life or dissolution.

The rains of December, and the cool breezes of January, dispelled the remains of the Plague, in La Valette; but it existed for some months longer in the villages. The disease, which was supposed to have originated from putrid vegetables, and other matter, peculiarly affected the natives. There were only twelve deaths of British residents, during its existence in the island; and these deaths were ascertained to have followed from other and indubitable causes. Cleanliness was found to be the best preventive against the power of the disease; the ravages of which, were greater in the abodes of poverty and wretchedness. Every precaution was wisely taken by the former, and by the present Governor. The soldiers were every morning lightly moistened with oil, which proceeded in constant exhalation from the heat of their bodies, and thereby prevented the possibility of the contagion affecting them. Tobacco was profusely smoked, and burnt in the dwellings of the inhabitants; who, during the prolonged quarantine, felt very uneasy to resume business. They beguiled their evenings, by walking on the terraces; the tops of the houses being all, or principally, flat. There, friends and lovers used to enjoy the pleasure of beholding each other at a distance, while

Retracing long those walks, with weary feet,
They cursed the fate which warned them not to meet!

When the quarantine ceased, they hastened eagerly to learn the fate of their friends, in the same manner as sailors hurry below after battle, to see how many of their messmates have survived, to share in the dream of glory!

ERICKSON'S CALORIC ENGINE.

The following is a description of the newly invented caloric engine.

The principle of the engine is founded on the well known property of fluids, that they transmit their pressures equally in all directions. It consists of two cylinders, of unequal diameters, the area of the pistons of the one being double that of the other. These cylinders are connected together by means of a series of pipes, called a regenerator. If air be condensed in these cylinders, it is obvious that the superior pressure exerted on the piston of the large cylinder will vanquish the pressure on the small one, and motion will take place, till the larger piston has reached the top of the cylinder, whilst the small one has been pushed to the bottom. Here, all motion would cease, if heated condensed air were not allowed to enter above the larger piston, and below the small one, so as to depress the large one to the bottom of the cylinder, and raise the smaller one to the top. But this being done by sliding valves, exactly as in the steam-engine, the motion is continually kept up. On this principle, then, we could obviously have an air engine, which would perform its operations by the sudden heating and cooling of condensed atmospheric air. But this is not the principle which distinguishes the caloric engine from others of the same class. The marked difference lies in this—that the same heat is made to circulate through the engine, and perform the same duty over and over again, instead of being thrown into a cold condenser; or into the atmosphere, as so much waste fuel.

The regenerator consists of a number of pipes, having numerous discs of metal placed within them, to make the air circulate in eddies; and either deposits its heat in the pipes or receives it from them, according to the difference of temperature. These pipes are enclosed in a long cylinder of sheet iron, which has also discs of metal so arranged that the air, passing along the outside of the pipes, may also travel in a circuitous route, and deposit its heat, or receive it, according to circumstances.

The heated air, after having done its duty in the large cylinder, is made to circulate through the regenerator, and deposit a very large quantity of its caloric, before it reaches the cold cylinder. The cold air from the small cylinder, is, at the same time, passing along the interior of the pipes, to the tubes above the furnace; and is thus carrying back the same caloric, to do the same work over again. But, though we have only mentioned atmospheric air as the fluid actually employed, it is obvious that any other fluid, whether mercurial or liquid, may be used in the same manner. But a simple statement of numerical facts, furnished by the engineer himself, will be of more value in turning the attention of the public to this invention, than any general observations which we can possibly make. The engine actually constructed, has two cylinders of eighteen inches stroke each; the one, being fourteen inches diameter; the other, ten and a quarter inches. The working pressure is thirty-four pounds above that of the atmosphere. The fly-wheel performs thirty-

ty-six revolutions in a minute. The break wheel is two feet in diameter, and loaded with a weight of fifty-two hundred pounds. The power of the engine is calculated to be equal to five horses. The regenerator has seven tubes, about seven feet long, and two inches in diameter. The engine requires two pounds of coal per hour, for the power of one horse; and the whole heat which is actually lost out of this quantity, or not returned by the regenerator, is only three pounds per hour; so that the other parts are lost by radiation, &c. which may be much diminished in an engine on a larger scale, and by surrounding certain parts by imperfect conductors.

Editor's Correspondence.

For the Literary Journal.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ADVOCATE.

NUMBER TWO.

THE FAMILY RECORD.

The Common Law, which has been called "the collected wisdom of ages," has established certain positive rules; the justice of which, in their application to particular cases, is not generally acknowledged. The rule, which permits a minor to avoid any contract, sale, bargain, or engagement he may have entered into, during his minority, is often pronounced to be unwise and unjust. And there are doubtless numerous cases, in which, if a person avails himself of this ground of defence, he is guilty of a deliberate fraud. But it was obviously established for wise purposes: that the young and inexperienced might be protected from the arts of unprincipled and designing men; and it may safely be asserted, on the whole, that its influence is salutary; since it renders men cautious in their dealings with the young.

It is not my intention to vindicate the justness of this law. Infancy is invariably an unpopular plea. It is not well entertained by court or jury; and the *lay gents* express their views of it, by the pregnant phrase of "pleading baby." The case I am about to relate, was one in which this obnoxious privilege was set up in defence. I had commenced a suit against a young man, to recover the price of certain merchandise, which had been delivered to him, in person; which he had sold for a good round profit; but through some unlucky lapse of memory, he had neglected to make payment. When the action was duly entered at Court, I learned, for the first time, that the demand was to be contested, upon the ground of the defendant's infancy at the time of making the purchase. When I stated the fact to my client, he was, of course, highly indignant; and ordered me to put the case to trial before a jury, state all the facts, and see if the fellow would dare to come into Court, and set up that dishonest defence. I advised him, that there could be little hope of prevailing; as such a fact as the time of a man's birth was generally susceptible of very ample proof. But he still persisted in the most peremptory terms, that the case should be put to the jury.

The day of trial at length arrived, and the case of Gilbert vs. Andrews was called up, the jury impanelled and sworn to try the simple question, whether the defendant, on a certain day named, was more or less than twenty-one years of age. This was the issue presented to "the country," as a jury of twelve men are, for some unaccountable and undiscernable reason, legally denominated. The burthen of proof was necessarily thrown upon the defendant, as he held the affirmative. The fact which he asserted, was presumed to be peculiarly within his own knowledge. My client had flattered himself, that when the defendant saw his determination of driving the case to the jury, he would have shrunk from his plea of infancy; but he was soon undeceived.

The Counsel of the defendant called upon the father of the young man, who had been duly summoned and was present, to take the witnesses' stand. He was apparently about fifty years of age, and sustained an unblemished reputation for integrity. It was said, and I had no doubt of the fact, that he entirely discountenanced the course of his son; and had refused to appear as a witness, until he had been regularly summoned; when he did not feel at liberty to refuse the "high behest of the Law."

"When was your son, the present defendant, born?" was the first interrogatory of the opposite Counsel.

"He was born, sir, on the twentieth day of April, in the year 1796."

"Did you make any memorandum or record of the fact, at or about the time?" was the next question of my professional adversary.

"I did, sir, in the Family Bible."

The Family Bible was instantly produced, and there the important fact was found registered, with all requisite precision. "Richard Andrews, born April 20th, 1796." The defendant's counsel then offered me the witness, for cross-examination; and stated that the evidence on their part had closed. I took the venerable book into my hand, with a species of instinctive hope that some good might be extracted from it, even in a suit at law.

Without any fixed purpose—perhaps from a mere idle curiosity—I opened the Bible; and the instant that my eye glanced upon the title-page, I almost sprang upon my feet, with surprise. I attempted to conceal it as well as possible, by feigning to drop the volume; and instantly commenced an examination of the witness.

"How soon, sir, after the birth of your son, did you make this record?"

"I made it, sir, as nearly as I can recollect, the third day after he was born. I am pretty positive it was the third day, because a brother of mine was at my house, at the time, on a visit."

"Didn't you make a record first in an old almanac, or register, or something of that sort?"

"No, sir; I made the first, last, and only record of the fact, in that book you have in your hands."

Up to this moment, the trial had afforded considerable amusement to the Bar. They seemed to be aware that I had a desperate cause; and when this clinching evidence had been adduced, they were ready to exclaim, with the princely Hal, "What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out," to escape discomfiture?

"Are you quite sure that you did not make it somewhere else, before you made it here?"

"I am as sure as I am that I am standing here, and you there, that I did not."

"You say, then, that your son was born on the twentieth of April, 1796; and that you made this record the third day after his birth?"

"Yes, sir, I do say so; and I can repeat it again, if you wish."

The witness had become a little excited by my frequent repetition of the same question, and replied to the last interrogatory with a good deal of emphasis. I had accomplished my sole object, which was to make him swear to the entry at the time, in the most positive terms. Taking up the Bible and stepping to the witness, I turned to the title-page, and said—

"Now, sir, you have sworn that your son was born on the twentieth of April, 1796; and that you made this entry three days afterwards: will you have the goodness to explain to the court and jury, how you could make that record in a book which was not printed till the year 1800,—four years afterwards?"

The old man cast a single glance at the title-page, to assure himself of the fact; and then withdrew from the stand, with such a look of absolute mortification and amazement, that I am sure he excited the pity of every beholder. He choked, and stammered—*vox faucibus hæsit*—he was unable to articulate a syllable; and in a few moments, precipitately withdrew from the Court Room.

The authenticity of the record had thus been completely prostrated; and the jury, who would very reluctantly have returned a verdict for the defendant, if the evidence had been perfectly unsuspecting, rendered a verdict for the plaintiff, without leaving their seats.

The old gentleman, who had been so sorely discomfited, soon afterwards called at my office, and stated the cause of the gross mistake which he had committed; for I had never believed it to be any thing more than a mistake. He had made the entry in the Family Bible, at the time he had sworn to on the trial; but, twelve or thirteen years afterwards, having purchased a new Bible, he had transferred the family record from one to the other; and when he had been summoned to Court, the circumstance having entirely escaped his memory, he had accidentally taken the volume last purchased.

S. T.

For the Literary Journal.

HITCHCOCK'S GEOLOGICAL REPORT.

Geology, Mineralogy, Botany and Zoology of Massachusetts. By Edward Hitchcock, Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in Amherst College.

We ask attention to this work, not merely on account of its character, but quite as much on account of the peculiar circumstances which have led to its publication, and which are designed to give it a wide circulation. In February, 1831, the Legislature of Massachusetts authorised Governor Lincoln, whose liberal mind had suggested to that body an extension of a previous plan for surveying the State, "to direct the person who is appointed to make a geological survey of the Commonwealth, to cause to be annexed to his Report on that subject, a list of the native mineralogical, botanical, and zoological productions, &c." This, with subsequent resolutions and liberal appropriations, resulted in the production of the volume before us; making seven hundred pages of solid information, under the four general divisions of Economical Geology, Topographical Geology, Scientific Geology, and Catalogues of Animals and Plants. It is illustrated with numerous wood cuts, thrown into the body of the work, and a separate Atlas of Maps and Plates. It has not yet been long enough before the public to receive a general and deliberate judgment, as to its scientific merits; but some of the best judges pronounce it to be of high rank; and the known qualifications and zeal of its compiler, authorize the same opinion. It is not a book for men of science only. General readers may find much to interest, and not a little to entertain them, in its pages. Of this character, useful as well as entertaining, there are a few pages on "the idle search after gold and silver;" from which we may give extracts in another number of the Journal.

But, as we have said, it is not the character of the work alone, but its origin, that deserves attention; the noble manner in which it has been created and is to be disposed of.—The Legislature of Massachusetts, as soon as it was completed, authorised the Governor to cause twelve hundred copies to be published, and gratuitously distributed over the State and the country: one or more copies to be given to each of the officers and members of the State Government; to each College and Theological Seminary in the State; to the various incorporated Academies, Atheneums, and Scientific Associations, and to the Library of the United States: one copy to the Executive of each State in the Union, and the remaining copies left in the gift of the Governor. We believe this is the first instance of a similar act of legislative liberality. It is worthy of all praise. It is truly refreshing, to see a political body, in these snarling political times, turning from the petty jealousies, the mean calculations, the dirty broils, the contemptible calumnies, the virulence and villany of party, to bestow a little thought, time and money on the solid interests of Education, and become a public and munificent patron of literature, science, and the useful arts.

There are few States in the Union—none in comparison of territory and facility of survey—that could better reward such an appropriation and investigation than Rhode Island. We do not say this with any idea that it will be done by her legislature. We have not lost our senses. But we say it, with the hope that societies or individuals may think of it. We will hazard the suggestion, idle as it may be, that if the Franklin Society in this city, for instance, were encouraged and endowed by the community, as similar Societies are in most other communities, it could find qualifications and enterprise among its own few members, to produce a work that would confer honor as well as benefit upon the State.

There is one branch of the plan we have been noticing, which might commend itself more to those who suppose that utility means money, and nothing else. We refer, of course, to the branch called Economical Geology; or, "an account of our rocks, soils, and minerals, that may be applied to useful purposes, and thus become sources of pecuniary profit." Attention to this alone, would be for the interest, comfort, and perhaps honor of all concerned. But whether much or little comes of it in other places, we thank the Bay State for her noble lead. It is not long since she encouraged the great and splendid work of Audubon; by becoming a subscriber

when subscribers were few. It is to be hoped her present generosity will not meet the rebuff which that did, from one narrow-minded editor in the Western part of the State; who indignantly asked, "What have these legislators to do with Birds?" He was informed by a brother editor, that they had a great deal to do with birds, as several of the laws related to them directly; regulating their preservation or destruction. It was a better answer than he deserved, but probably the only one he could understand; and the sarcasm even of this must have been lost upon him. All such creatures are plainly blood relations of the man, who, in his enthusiastic admiration of the Falls of Niagara, exclaimed, as he gazed upon the sublime scene, "What a grand mill privilege it would make!" To all whose minds and hearts are of this calibre, we should as soon think of casting pearls, as of talking of liberal acts or useful books.

A.

Translated from the Original French, for the Literary Journal, in the Ladies' Class of Mons. Bugard's French School.

ORPHANS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

All useful institutions were objects of the care and solicitude of Napoleon: he desired to have a personal supervision over all of them. Among those over which he watched with peculiar care, was the Institution for the Female Orphans of the Legion of Honor, at Ecouen, for which he manifested a deep interest and attachment. The superintendence of this Institution he entrusted to Madame Campan. It was seldom that he omitted, in the intervals of his campaigns, to visit his little proteges, as he was accustomed to call them.

Conformably with the rules of the Institution, no man except the Emperor could be admitted within its walls: but as Napoleon usually arrived with no other attendants than his suite, which, in a certain sense, made a part of himself, it entered with him. On such occasions, this was composed of a few officers of his household, and two pages, who were required to attend him at all times.

One evening, after dinner, on entering the apartment of the Empress, he accosted Princess Hortense, and smiling, said to her—

"Apropos, Hortense, I have been to visit your ancient Mistress of Pensions, to-day."

"Has your Majesty been to Ecouen?"

"Yes, with my pages."

"Ah!"

"Those little rogues—would you believe it?—wish to imitate the pages of former times."

"How is that, Sir?"

"You don't know what they do, whenever they learn my intention of visiting Madame Campan; ah! they always have quite a contention which shall accompany me."

"That ought not to surprise your Majesty: every one is so happy to be near you."

"Oh, it was not on my account—I am not to be thus duped by them."

Napoleon laughed, and clapping his hands, repeated, "Ah! the little rogues!" and then adding, as the sequence of one of those whimsical reflections in which he so often seemed to indulge; "I, Hortense, should have made a most miserable page. I should not have thought of such a thing. What, dispute which of them should follow me! I believe they would have fought each other, had not their governor kept them in order."

"Sire, they are all fine, brave young men."

"I know it; there have already many good officers been formed among them; and they will one day make some *vedings*."

Thus we see it was rare that the most trifling matter did not lead, on the part of Napoleon, to some serious conclusions.

On a visit which he once made to the *eleves* at Ecouen, he found them divided into classes, engaged with their needle work. After addressing to each a question or kind remark, he turned to Mademoiselle Brouard, and asked how many needlesfull of thread it required to make a shirt. "Sire," replied she, "I should not use but *one*, if I could take it long enough."

This happy and ready reply won for the young girl a chain of gold, which the Emperor gave her; and which she declared with enthusiasm, she would never part with.

After the Restoration, the Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor gave directions to the Superintendent of the Royal House of Saint Denis, who had superseded Madame Campan, to remove every thing from the young pupils, which could recall the memory of the Usurper. Some of them delivered up the little presents which they had received from the Emperor. But Mademoiselle Brouard continued to wear her chain, carefully concealed in her bosom; notwithstanding the rules of the establishment prohibited the wearing of any ornaments.

One day, while she was bathing, an Inspectress perceived the chain, and forthwith resolved it should be confiscated: with this intention, she ordered the young lady to deliver it up to her. She refused, alleging that as she had kept it concealed, she was not reprehensible.

A formal complaint was immediately carried by the Inspectress to the Inspectress General. It was answered by a new refusal on the part of the young lady. The officious dame then led her to the Superintendent, who met with the same resistance. They then threatened her, that if she persisted in her refusal to give up the chain, they would bring two men, who should strip her, and take it from her by force.—Mademoiselle Brouard still refused to relinquish it; declaring that it was the gift of the Emperor; and that she would not part with it, be the consequences what they might—even death itself. Several days confinement in the hall of correction, served only to confirm her resolution. At last, they made a report of the conduct of the young pupil to the Grand Chancellor; who came to Ecouen; where he had requested the attendance of the young lady's mother, the Baroness of Jube, who had been married to her second husband. The Grand Chancellor directed the whole household to be assembled in the hall of inspection; where, in the presence of all, he attempted to mortify the young lady, by depriving her of the badge of the school. He then addressed the pupils, and described disobedience and insubordination as unnatural and unbecoming conduct in a young lady; and conjured them to profit by the lesson they had received. In conclusion, he directed madame Jube to take away her daughter, who could not longer be allowed to form one of the household at Saint Denis.

The dismissal of Mademoiselle Brouard was a sad disaster to her companions; by whom she was greatly beloved. They declared that they all ought, for the same reasons, to be expelled; for that they heartily agreed with her in sentiment. The Inspectresses, with great difficulty, recalled them to order and obedience; which by this event, (for which some may find an apology,) seemed to have been banished from the Institution.

On the first visit of the Duchess of Angouleme, made some time after this event, to the Royal House of Saint Denis, of which she desired to be considered the new protectress, she was not much pleased with the sentiments manifested by the pupils. The governesses, having directed their pupils to unite in the cry of "*Vive le Roi!*" they all exclaimed, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" These incidents justified, in some measure, the coldness which this Princess ever afterwards manifested towards the establishment at Saint Denis, and accounts for the enthusiasm shown, to this day, by the pupils of that school, for the memory of Napoleon; though they are forbidden to cherish any remembrance of him who was their benefactor and adopted father.

EGLANTINE PECOT;
Formerly a pupil at Ecouen.

For the Literary Journal.
GENIUS.

MR EDITOR—In the number of the Literary Journal which contains the article, "Genius born, not made," an able one, by the by, and evidently from no common hand, you intimate a wish that some of your other correspondents would maintain the opposite side; as something might be said "on both sides." As no one has appeared to accept the challenge, and as the subject certainly has interest with all who properly estimate this creative power of the mind, I have concluded to present my lucubrations, properly so styled, respecting this much used but misunderstood term. In so doing, the liberty will be taken of selecting, from a commonplace book, containing a variety of subjects, a cento of the opinions respecting Genius. On the question, whether this is "not made,"

and whether Study may make it, I offer the following extracts; premising that they are copied mainly as they stand, without regard to the repetition which this must necessarily occasion. What then is Genius?

Good says, "It is that faculty by which the mind, rapidly or intuitively, perceives the congruity or incongruity of ideas; so that genius is intuitive judgment, looking forward at once from the beginning to the end of a chain of ideas, and standing in no need, or but little, of the intermediate links upon which common judgment depends for its guidance: wherever then it is found, to whatever purpose directed, it is mental power; it acts by an invisible impulse, and appears to act miraculously; and hence indeed its name—a name common to all the world—derived from the Hebrew, copied thence into the Sanscrit, Arabic and Chinese; from the Eastern tongues into the Latin; from that into our own, and almost every other language of modern Europe; and signifying in every instance, a tutelary, a guiding or inspiring divinity.—In Latin it is from *gigno*—to invent or create."

If genius were, as some pretend, and as Johnson asserted, the mere exercise of a general power, accidentally determined to a particular subject, without any difference of organs or subordinate faculties, a man would improve equally in every thing, and grow wise on all points. But a natural susceptibility of the organs and faculties, must greatly assist him in his progress. To argue otherwise, is to shut one's eyes to the whole mass of inductive evidence—to trust to theories, not to facts.

Paley and Adam Smith have declared their total incapacity, with regard to all works of fiction, fancy, or imagination; and if Locke had indulged in poetry, it is probable he would have failed more lamentably than Pope when he dabbled in metaphysics."

"First rate powers display themselves in the same manner in all ages: alter but the place and time of their birth, and the Aristotle of Greece would have been the Bacon of England; Æschylus might have been our Shakspeare, Demosthenes might have led a House of Commons, and the Hannibal of one time have been the Wellington of another. Great minds set their stamp upon the age—the age sets its stamp on the small craft."

"Genius is ever a secret to itself: the truly strong mind is in no wise the mind acquainted with its strength; as in perfect health, so here, the sign is unconsciousness. Often by some winged word of a Napoleon, Goethe, Luther, is the difficulty split asunder, and its secrets laid bare, which Logic finds too hard for him. Shakspeare, after having written his thirty-eight plays, went carelessly down to the country, and lived out his days; apparently unconscious of having done any thing at all extraordinary."

Wilson, in his Lectures on Poetry, thus distinguishes between what are often confounded: "Genius rushes like a whirlwind; talent marches like a cavalcade of heavy horses and heavy men; cleverness skims like a swallow in a summer evening, with a sharp, shrill note, and a sudden turning. The man of genius dwells with men and with nature; the man of talent, in his study; but the clever man dances here and there, and everywhere, like a butterfly in a hurricane, striking every thing, and enjoying nothing, but to light and be dashed to pieces. The man of talent will attack theories; the clever man assail the individual, and attack private character; but genius despiseth both;—heeds none—fears none—lives in himself, shrouded in the consciousness of his own strength—interferes with none—walks forth, an example that 'Eagles fly alone; they are but sheep that herd together.'"

Fuseli says, "Genius is that power which enlarges the circle of human knowledge, discovers new materials in nature, and combines knowledge with novelty; whilst talent arranges, cultivates, and polishes the discoveries of genius."

"It is a wild and a vulgar notion of genius," says another, "to suppose that it suddenly invents what did not before exist, or that it discovers consequences by the force of a quality entirely peculiar and original. It is, on the contrary, the constant pursuit of a train in which none have persevered, and the perception of the consequences of rules, extended beyond their ordinary and trite application. Men of

genius do not possess qualities essentially different from those of less distinguished mortals: it is by the habits of mind, in the application of what all men possess in common with themselves, that they become famous. That which is peculiarly objected as hostile to the display of originality, viz: the great diversion of intellectual pursuits, is, in truth, unless Bacon and Stewart greatly erred, the strongest incentive to genius; as it involves method. The diffusion of knowledge, then, as it presents to different minds, objects of contemplation to be viewed in the peculiar mode of each, would rather tend to foster genius, when taken in this its only sensible meaning."

"Original genius," says Voltaire, "occurs but seldom in a nation where the literary taste is formed; it is precisely because there is much light and cultivation in France, that we are led to complain of the want of superior genius."

"What I have known of myself," says Priestley, "has tended much to lessen both my contempt and admiration of others. Could all the steps of Newton's mind be known, we might find nothing very extraordinary in the process. Great powers in some things, are attended with defects in others; and these may not appear in a man's writings. Great apparent defects are often accompanied by great, though not apparent, excellencies."

"In every intellectual, as well as in every material creation, there are two essential elements—substance and form. Coleridge has enough of the first, but is deficient in the last; wanting what constitutes the perfection of genius."

"Genius," says Lord Kaimes, "is allied to a warm and inflammable imagination; delicacy of taste to calmness and sedateness; hence, it is common to find it in one who is a prey to every passion, but seldom delicacy of taste."

"Coleridge supports the opinion, that men of the greatest genius have possessed a calm and tranquil temper, in all that relates to themselves; and feeling an inward assurance of permanent fame, have been indifferent, or resigned, with regard to immediate reputation. Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, and Spenser, are quoted as proofs of this opinion. He thinks the irritability of genius is an unfounded assertion; and that when existing, it belongs to the man rather than to the author; who would have been impatient, but for the humanizing nature of his pursuits."

The difference between a man of genius and others, is in the different manner in which their thoughts originate.—Those of the first, are suggested, according to Brown's philosophy, by analogy, as opposed to the grosser contiguity of the other. "The inventions of poetic genius are the suggestions of analogy; the prevailing suggestions of common minds, are those of mere contiguity."

"The great examples of Bacon, Milton, Locke, and Newton, are directly contrary to the popular inference, that a certain oddness or eccentricity, and thoughtlessness of conduct, are the necessary accompaniments of talent, and the sure indications of genius. Because some have united both, as Rousseau, Chatterton, Savage, and Byron; others, finding it less difficult to be eccentric, than to be brilliant, have therefore adopted the one, in the hope that the world will give them credit for the other."

Finally, as my sheet is nearly full, I will quote my last author, Lacon, for the rest. "The mystifications of metaphysics, and the quackeries of craniology, may attempt in vain to enable common sense to grasp and comprehend the causes of genius, or their mode of operation. The plain unvarnished fact, after all that may be said or sung about it, is this:—we know nothing of it but by its effects."

The above quotations are perhaps better than any attempt at original thought; as giving the opinions of competent judges: although it would have been more gratifying to have presented my own thoughts, than to give extracts from others, however superior in expression and arrangement. To such as wish to see the idea of study and genius, as connected together, well illustrated, the Oration of Mr Dewey before the Phi Beta Kappa, at Cambridge, in 1830, will afford high gratification. This production exhibits the results of deep and vigorous thought. It clearly explains the views which it advocates; and even those who dissent from the opinions of its author, cannot but admire the ability with which they are defended.

Q.

For the Literary Journal.

ELOQUENCE.

There is much truth in the remark of Longinus, that eloquence flourishes only in free communities. Liberty is the parent of genius; it soars only in that region where despotism is not known, and where a liberal government is the controlling power. To this primary cause may be attributed the renown of the ancient republics, in all the higher forms of genius.

Our own country, in its glorious privileges, its wonderful story from infancy, through all its expanding growth, its diffusive blessings, and high example, will speak the same truth on the historian's page. Here is the favored spot of liberty; and here in the midst of popular assemblies, is the nursery of eloquence. Its strong and persuasive tones ring through the halls of our Congress. It is heard in the places where justice is dispensed, and it is poured out, in a rich stream, in the temple devoted to the worship of God.

I have never been more sensibly impressed with the truth of this fact, nor more conscious of the mighty power which is wielded by the orator, than on an occasion at which I was present, a few years since. This was a capital trial which took place under very peculiar circumstances. These, affecting as they were in every respect, were simple, and may be very briefly told.

Three young children had died suddenly, leaving a poor widowed mother to lament their loss. Her grief was shared by friends; and every consolation was offered by them, to her wounded spirit. But, a little time after the death of these children, from some circumstances, it was believed that they had been poisoned; and from others, it was thought that the mother was herself the murderer. She was arrested, and put on trial. An eminent advocate was engaged to plead her cause. The day of her trial arrived, when I happened to be in the city where it was to take place. Hearing the circumstances, and the name of the advocate, I determined to repair to the court-room. It was crowded to excess. High above the multitude, were the judges, in their grave and collected demeanor. On the right, were the jurors selected to try this poor widow, for the supposed murder of her own offspring. The Court was opened by a prayer, which was one of the most touching and impressive I had ever heard. Then followed the testimony; and how deeply interesting it was, to mark the various expressions; to balance the conflicting statements; and to sift, by measure, the strong points in favor of the woman's innocence. At length, when a witness was on the stand, who stated in plain and intelligible terms, the whole story from the beginning to the end, and declared before God, that he *knew* that the prisoner was not the guilty one,—how strange and rapid was the change of feeling in the vast assembly. Before this, but few doubted her guilt; now, few questioned her innocence. The case having been opened, it was the duty of her counsel to close. When he began, there was breathless silence.—The attention of all was rivetted on him. His tones were subdued, but trembling with emotion. I have seldom heard such a voice—it was so clear, and rich, and musical in its modulations. And his manner altogether was so captivating, his figure so commanding, his language so perfect, his points so strong and precise, that I thought when he arrived almost at the conclusion of his argument, that I had never listened to such a speaker. But, when he called to the jury, to look on the prisoner, and contemplate her situation, placed on trial for the murder of her own children—the conspiracy formed to destroy her—the Law asserting its high prerogative, protecting all, but sparing neither the highest nor the lowest; I felt the power of eloquence as I had never known it before. I felt, what a wonderful power it was. There was a man, standing up in a vast assembly; and by thoughts clothed in beautiful forms, completely rivetting all eyes, all hearts, all feelings on himself. Is there not here a spark of Divinity? Is not its germ wrapped up in every living soul?

The man by whom I was thus delighted was *William Wirt*, who, in the midst of his glory, has just fallen by the stroke of death. A bright and beautiful star has shot from its sphere, and its light is extinguished. That voice which fell so gratefully upon the ear, is still; and his glorious forms of thought, and captivating eloquence will be heard no more.

THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

EDITED BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1834.

HISTORICAL NOTICES

OF THE PRINCIPAL MATERIALS AND METHODS, WHICH HAVE BEEN USED AND ADOPTED, FOR THE PRESERVATION OF

WRITTEN LANGUAGE.

NUMBER TWO.

Manufacture and use of Papyrus.—Parchment.—Forms of ancient Volumes.—Metallic Inscriptions.—Brass Plate in the possession of the Jews at Malabar.—Paper: its first use in the East: its introduction into Europe.—Ancient Paper Manuscripts.—Progress of the manufacture of Paper.

The most celebrated material anciently used in writing, is the Papyrus. The discovery of the adaptation of this singular plant to this purpose, has, on the authority of Varro, been ascribed to Alexander the Great; who, it is said, made the discovery after he had founded the City of Alexandria in Egypt, about three hundred and thirty years before the Christian era. This statement, however, is considered erroneous, and was probably made at the expense of truth, to gratify the pride of the conqueror. It is more probable that the use of papyrus was common among the Egyptians long before the time of Alexander; and that among the improvements in art, made under his auspices or patronage, some more ready or more perfect method for its preparation may have been discovered; by which a better quality or a larger supply of the fabric might be obtained.

This plant was also called the *biblos*; a word which was afterwards used to signify a book.

It was found in great abundance on the banks of the Nile; growing usually to the height of about ten cubits, or fifteen feet. Its stalk is composed of a number of thin layers, like the coating of an onion, which are easily separated. The manufacturer, by means of a metallic instrument, removed one layer of the stalk after another, and made the pieces of equal length. A number of these were then placed side by side, on a smooth table, and their surface made as even as possible. The whole was then wet with water from the Nile, which being of a slightly glutinous nature, and incorporating with the soft external parts of the layer of papyrus, formed a species of paste. Another layer of the fibres of the plant was then placed above the first, crossing it at right angles; which process was repeated, until the whole had acquired the requisite degree of thickness and strength. It was then placed under a press, and exposed in the open air, to be dried by the sun. When it was desired to give an even and polished surface, the papyrus, after being pressed and dried, was rubbed with a smooth shell, or with the tooth of some large animal, generally of the wild boar.

Great quantities of papyrus, in an unfinished state, were imported from Egypt to Rome, and there rubbed down and polished for use. In reference to the instrument by which the polish was usually given, the Romans applied to the more highly finished kinds of Egyptian paper, the name of *charta dentata*, to distinguish it from that of an ordinary, or inferior quality.

The material which appears, in the order of time, to have followed the Egyptian papyrus, is Parchment. Its introduction to use is ascribed to Eumenes, King of Pergamos; who, while endeavoring to collect a library which should rival the one belonging to Ptolemy of Egypt, excited the jealousy of the latter; and an order was accordingly issued, prohibiting the exportation of papyrus from the Egyptian dominions. In consequence of this decree, a new material was prepared for manuscripts, at Pergamos; which in reference to the city where it was first used, received the name of *pergamena*, or parchment. This was manufactured from the skins of different animals; although in later times, those of sheep and calves have been almost exclusively used for that purpose.* The period to which this invention is generally referred, is the second or third century before the Christian era. Although the first parchment may have been used at that time, still it is almost beyond doubt, that leather, or some prepara-

*The term *parchment* is generally applied to the fabric from the skins of sheep: that from those of calves is more properly denominated *vellum*.

tions of skins, had been applied to the purposes of writing, long before that time. The skins of animals appear to have been used for manuscripts, among many tribes and nations in various parts of the world, during the early stages of civilization. Traces of the early use of such materials have been discovered among the East Indians, the Arabs, the natives of the North of Europe, and of the North-Western coast of America: but it is almost impossible to gather any positive information relative to the condition of the arts at any very remote period, among these, or any other portions of the human race who have not made high advances in refinement, or left written memorials of their progress.

The ordinary implement for writing on the papyrus and on parchment, was a reed, split and sharpened in a form similar to that of a modern pen. It is difficult to ascertain any thing with certainty, respecting the composition of the ordinary Ink which was used for such manuscripts: it is, however, a well known fact, that the Romans sometimes used the black liquid emitted by the *sepia*, or cuttle-fish, either as ink, or as an ingredient in its composition.

In using the papyrus and parchment, the Greeks and Romans were accustomed to write only on one side, when the manuscript was of much extent. When a work was finished, one sheet was joined to the end of another; and to the first or last sheet, was attached a wooden staff or cylinder, around which the whole was rolled. The word *volumen*, or roll, by which it was thus designated, is the original of the English word *volume*. To the ends of the wooden staff or cylinder, were affixed balls or knobs of wood, horn, ivory, or metal, for the purposes of security and ornament. The whole was similar to the mounting of a map. On the formation or decoration of these balls or knobs, was expended that proportion of expense and labor which, in later times, has furnished employment to the book-binder: and we find in the writings of the ancients, expressions corresponding with the modern terms of "full-bound," and "half-bound," in their allusions to volumes with one knob, and volumes with two.

Most of the ancient works of any extent, are divided into a number of distinct and separate "books." This custom probably originated in necessity, owing to the peculiar form of their volumes: for, when the work was of much length, it must have been necessary literally to divide it into two or more separate books, for the facility of reference, and to render manageable, its otherwise unwieldy bulk.

Many different methods of precaution appear to have been adopted to preserve the rolls of parchment from decay, after they had been consigned to their places of deposit. To guard them against the attacks of moths and insects, various odoriferous applications appear to have been made; of which the one most generally in use at Rome, was an infusion of cedar.

It is said, that the custom of folding manuscripts into distinct pages, like a modern book, was introduced by Julius Cæsar, in his letters to the Roman Senate. The general designation of all Roman manuscripts, of whatever materials, was *codex*, from which has been derived the modern word *code*, as applied to a book or collection of laws.

In the illustration of our subject, we have thus referred principally to the customs of a few only among the nations of antiquity; being those most celebrated for mental cultivation and refinement: and have done so, because the histories and memorials of those nations are almost our only authentic sources of information respecting the arts and customs of early times; and because a wider range would soon have led us far beyond those limits which must necessarily be prescribed to a sketch, like the present.

The early attempts in art, and the temporary adaptation of means to ends, by almost every people, usually bear a great resemblance to each other, where the same or similar materials are furnished by nature, for their purposes. We have already alluded to the grounds of belief, that the skins of animals were used for the reception of writing, at remote periods of time, by many nations, and in various parts of the world, other than those to which their early use can be distinctly traced. The use of the metals also has been very general; and their occasional application to such purposes, has been made, at least to some extent, by almost every people who have possessed sufficient skill to prepare and use them. We accordingly find descriptions of ancient metallic

records, as existing in almost every part of the old world where civilization has ever extended. They are, however, more frequently found among those nations whose origin is the most distant, and whose advances in civilization, though early commenced, have been most retarded. Such memorials are, accordingly, more frequently found in Asia than in Europe; and are more common in India than in any other part of Asia.

Buchanan, in his "Christian Researches in India," describes a very curious ancient relic of this kind; which, not only on account of its connexion with our subject, but also as referring to remarkable events in ancient history, deserves at least a passing notice. It is a brass plate, on which is engraved a Charter and Freedom of Residence, granted by one of the ancient Kings of Malabar, to the Jews resident in certain districts of his kingdom. The tradition respecting it, among the modern Jews in those districts, is—that after the destruction of the second temple at Jerusalem, their ancestors, dreading the wrath of the conqueror, departed from Palestine, and went forth, like their fathers of old, a numerous body of men, women, priests and Levites; and wandered to that far distant land: that God gave them favor in the sight of the King who then reigned there, who granted them a patriarchal jurisdiction over those districts, with certain privileges of nobility: and that this plate is the original of that royal grant, which was engraved, according to the custom of the country, upon a tablet of brass. The inscription, which fills both sides of the plate, is in the Malabaric language and character; but is so old that it cannot be well understood, although the Jews affirm that they possess a Hebrew translation. The original has no date; but is believed by its possessors, to have been executed in the year of the Creation, 4250, corresponding with the year four hundred and ninety, of the modern era. It is signed "Airvi Brahmin, King of Malabar," and bears the signatures of seven other kings or chiefs, as witnesses. Mr Buchanan procured an engraver at Cochín, to make a fac-simile of this curious relic; and deposited the copy in the Library at Cambridge, England. From all the evidence relating to the subject, it is highly probable, that the tradition of the Jews, respecting the granting of this charter, and the date of its execution, are substantially correct.

It is said that *Paper*, properly so called, was first imported from China to Samarcand, in the year of the Hegira, 30:—and that it was invented, or rather introduced, at Mecca, in the year of the Hegira, 88. The first of these dates corresponds with the year 652, and the latter with the year 710, of the Christian era. Gibbon considers this assertion as supported by credible evidence; and remarks, that the Library of the Escorial, in Spain, contains paper as old as the fourth or fifth century of the Hegira. The fact, that paper was first brought from China, is worthy of attention, especially when viewed in connexion with other facts to which reference will be made in the course of our remarks on the origin of the art of printing.

Egypt fell under the dominion of the Arabs, in the seventh century of the Christian era; and many of the great collections of manuscripts which enriched her cities, were scattered and ruined, by the ignorance and lawless barbarism of her conquerors. Among these, the Great Library of Alexandria was destroyed, by the command of Omar. It was about fifty years after this event, that paper was first brought from Samarcand to Mecca. After the conquest of Egypt, its commerce with the Eastern Roman Empire, and with Europe, ceased; and so small was the quantity of paper sent to other countries, that its manufacture was almost totally abandoned. It is, therefore, highly probable, that the Chinese or Persian paper had been, for a long time previous, in use in the Eastern parts of Asia; and that its introduction, at that time, into Arabia, and from thence to Europe, was immediately caused by a failure of the accustomed supply of papyrus from Egypt.

It is perhaps impossible to ascertain of what materials this paper was made. After its introduction at Rome, it received the appellation of *Carta Bombycina*. It was probably manufactured from cotton or silk; and perhaps contained both of these materials. Some authors have supposed that it was made from linen.

The great revolutions which had been effected in Asia, by the rapid conquests of Mahomet and his immediate succes-

sors, by facilitating intercourse between the different parts of their widely extended empire, produced many of those unforeseen consequences which follow in the train of great events. The manufacture of paper having been commenced at Mecca, the new fabric was soon introduced into Greece: and it is a curious fact, that the material from which it was there first made, was raw cotton; the use of which was, however, immediately superceded by that of cotton rags. Its introduction into Greece is generally supposed to have been in the ninth century; from which time, until the twelfth century, it gradually took the place of the papyrus; and at the latter period, it was almost exclusively used.

There are no dated paper manuscripts in existence, older than the eleventh century; although others without date, are conjectured to be more ancient. Those in the Escorial are probably as old as any which are now extant.

Early in the twelfth century, a paper manufactory was established by some Arabs, at Ceuta, and another in Spain;—and there also raw cotton was the first material used. The use of cotton paper did not, however, become general in Europe, until the thirteenth century. In the beginning of the fourteenth, the manufacture of paper from linen was commenced in Europe; and the new fabric produced from this material being so greatly superior to that made from cotton, the consumption of the latter rapidly decreased, and the use of cotton was almost entirely abandoned. In England, linen paper was used soon after its first introduction into Europe; but it was not manufactured in that country, until about two hundred years afterwards.

The first paper mill in Germany was erected at Nuremberg, in 1370. In a very short time after, the process was commenced in France and Holland; and their home consumption not only supplied, but large quantities manufactured for exportation: but it was not until the year 1588, that the first paper mill was built in England. This was erected at Dartford, by a German, who was jeweller to Queen Elizabeth; and notwithstanding the comparatively late period at which the English manufacture was commenced, their paper, during a hundred years from that time, was of a very coarse and inferior quality; none being there made suitable for writing or printing, until 1690; to which date, from the time of the establishment of the mills in France and Holland, England had paid to these two countries for paper, about the annual sum of one hundred thousand pounds sterling. Until within a comparatively very late period, the process of paper making was very imperfect, not only in England, but also in every other part of Europe. At the time of the invention of the paper engine, the English process was very similar to that which is still continued in some parts of France and Italy, the rags, after having been washed, were placed in tubs, where they underwent a process of fermentation for about fourteen days: at the end of which time, having become slightly putrid, they were placed in a large wooden bowl of a conical form, in which revolved an iron cylinder, where they were ground into pulp or paste, which was then placed in the moulds for forming the sheets. The machine thus used for grinding the rags, much resembled an ordinary snuff-mill.—The French method, which was found to be in some respects superior to this, was afterwards adopted in many of the English mills. This consisted in removing the rags from the tubs, and placing them in large wooden mortars, where they were beaten by heavy iron stampers, or hammers shod with iron; each mortar being furnished with one pair, which worked in it alternately. About forty pairs of these were required, to beat up one hundred and twelve pounds of rags; making an average of less than three pounds at once for the supply of each pair of stampers. This cumbrous and inartificial apparatus was in general use so late as the middle of the last century; when the paper engine being invented in Holland, was the first among the great modern improvements in the art.

To follow these various improvements, through the different stages of their progress, would lead us far from our general subject, by requiring a detail of mechanical operations, which would at the same time afford but little interest; and even to give a sketch of their history, is perhaps unnecessary, as that could comprise little more than those facts which are already sufficiently familiar.

LITERARY NOTICES.

CICERO: (Family Library, Classical Series, Nos. VIII., IX. and X.) New York; Harper and Brothers.—The translations of ancient Classics which are contained in the ten published volumes of this series, are all not only excellent, but are the best English versions which have been made of the original works. With respect to the present volumes, although we should have been pleased to have seen a greater number of the writings of Cicero embodied in this collection, yet considering the relative space which is here devoted to his works, the publishers could not have made a better selection, than they have now presented us. The first and second volumes contain a memoir of Cicero, and the well known translation of the Orations, by Professor Duncan; the third includes the Offices translated by Dr Cockman, and the Essays on Old Age and on Friendship, by Melmoth. The translations by Duncan are faithfully rendered, and exhibit much learning; but when compared with those of Melmoth, are deficient in the beauty and finish of style which characterize the latter. The translations of the Essays are indeed admirable, and that of the Offices is a fine, classical production.

We hope that the publishers may be encouraged to extend this department of their Family Library. Good translations of the Classics are comparatively rare; and they cannot render a better service, than by thus furnishing them in a cheap and convenient form.

LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT BRITISH PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS; by Allan Cunningham; Vols. 4 and 5: (Family Library, Nos. LXVI. and LXVII.) New York; Harper and Brothers.—The three preceding volumes of these Lives have already been before the public for a sufficient time to afford a fair estimate to be made, both of their fidelity as biographical works, and of their degree of literary merit. They have not only received the approbation of scholars for the general felicity of their style, and of artists for the valuable critical notices which they furnish; but when the nature of their subjects is considered, they have been unusually popular among those classes of readers to whom the pursuits of the individuals whose histories they contain, have no peculiar attractions. The present volumes, among the memoirs of the later British painters, contain full and satisfactory notices of Romney, Copley, Northcote, Jackson, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. The entire work presents forty separate biographical sketches; and while each of these is more or less interesting for its fine delineations of the traits of individual character, the descriptions and critical remarks which they collectively afford on the most celebrated productions of British painting and sculpture, render them valuable as a work on the history of modern art. Throughout the whole, Mr Cunningham writes as if fully imbued with a love of his subjects, to which few men, perhaps none, are qualified to render more ample justice. To those who have perused his three former volumes, it is perhaps sufficient for us to say—that these concluding ones are in no degree inferior to their predecessors, either in their materials or literary execution.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FOR THE NEXT NUMBER.

Saint Peter the Fisherman. (Translation.)

Essay: by P. E. A.

Stanzas: by THETA.

DECLINED.

Love: A translation from the *Æneid*. The sense of the passage is well rendered; but the lines are, in several instances, defective in measure and rhyme. The writer can evidently do better than this.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.—Recollections of An Advocate, No. II: (The Family Record.)—Hitchcock's Geological Report.—The Orphans of the Legion of Honor; (Translation.)—Genius.—Eloquence.—Notices of the principal Materials and Methods which have been used and adopted, for the preservation of Written Language: No. II.—Literary Notices.

SELECTIONS.—The Play at Venice.—Visit to a Portuguese Convent of Nuns of La Trappe.—Description of the Plague at Malta, in the year 1813.—Erickson's new Caloric Engine. Poetry.—The Battle Flag of Sigurd.—Jeanie Morrison.

Miscellaneous Selections.

From "Poems, Narrative and Lyrical," by William Motherwell.

THE BATTLE FLAG OF SIGURD.

'The eagle hearts of all the North
Have left their stormy strand;
The warriors of the world are forth,
To choose another land!
Again, their long keels sheer the wave,
Their broad sheets court the breeze;
Again, the reckless and the brave
Ride lords of weltering seas.
Nor swifter from the well-bent bow
Can feathered shaft be sped,
Than o'er the ocean's flood of snow,
Their snoring galleys tread.
Then lift the can to bearded lip,
And smite each sounding shield:
Wassail! to every dark-ribbed ship,
To every battle-field!

So proudly the Scalds raise their voices of triumph,
As the Northmen ride over the broad-bosomed billow.

'Aloft, Sigurd's battle-flag
Streams onward to the land,
Well may the taint of slaughter lag
On yonder glorious strand.
The waters of the mighty deep,
The wild birds of the sky,
Hear it like vengeance shoreward sweep,
Where moody men must die.
The waves wax wrath beneath our keel,
The clouds above us lower,
They know the battle-sign, and feel
All its resistless power!
Who now uprears Sigurd's flag,
Nor shuns an early tomb?
Who shoreward through the swelling surge,
Shall bear the scroll of doom?

So shout the Scalds, as the long ships are nearing
The low-lying shores of a beautiful land.

Silent the Self-devoted stood
Beside the massive tree;
His image mirrored in the flood
Was terrible to see!
As leaning on his gleaming axe,
And gazing on the wave,
His fearless soul was churning up
The death-rune of the brave.
Upheaving then his giant form
Upon the brown bark's prow,
And tossing back the yellow storm
Of hair from his broad brow;
The lips of song burst open, and
The words of fire rushed out;
And thundering through that martial crew,
Pealed Harald's battle shout;—

It is Harald the Dauntless that lifteth his great voice,
As the Northmen roll on with the Doom-written banner.

'I bear Sigurd's battle flag
Through sunshine, or through gloom;
Through swelling surge on bloody strand
I plant the scroll of doom!
On Scandia's loneliest, bleakest waste,
Beneath a starless sky,
The Shadowy Three like meteors passed,
And bade young Harald die:—
They sang the war-deeds of his sires,
And pointed to their tomb;
They told him that his glory-flag
Was his by right of doom.
Since then, where hath young Harald been,
But where Jarl's son should be?
'Mid war and waves—the combat keen
That raged on land or sea.'

So sings the fierce Harald, the thirster for glory,
As his hand bears aloft the dark, death-laden banner.

'Mine own death's in this clenched hand!
I know the noble trust;
These limbs must rot on yonder strand—
These lips must lick its dust;
But shall this dusky standard quail
In the red slaughter day,
Or shall this heart its purpose fail—
This arm forget to slay?
I trample down such idle doubt;
Harald's high blood hath sprung
From sires whose hands in martial bout
Have ne'er belied their tongue;
No r keener from their castled rock
Rush eagles on their prey,
Than, panting for the battle-shock,
Young Harald leads the way.'

It is thus that tall Harald, in terrible beauty,
Pours forth his big soul to the joyance of heroes.

'Sigurd's battle-flag is spread
Abroad to the blue sky,
And spectral visions of the dead
Are trooping grimly by;
The spirit heralds rush before
Harald's destroying brand,
They hover o'er yon fated shore
And death-devoted band.
Marshal, stout Jarl, your battle fast!
And fire each beacon height!
Our galleys anchor in the sound,
Our banner heaves in sight!
And through the surge and arrowy shower
That rains on this broad shield,
Harald uplifts the sign of power
Which rules the battle-field!

So cries the death-doomed on the red strand of slaughter,
While the helmets of heroes like anvils are ringing.

On rolled the Northmen's war; above
The Raven Standard flew;
Nor tide nor tempest ever strove
With vengeance half so true.
'T is Harald—'t is the Sire-bereaved—
Who goads the dread career,
And high amid the flashing storm
The Flag of Doom doth rear.
'On, on, the tall Death-seeker cries,
'These earth-worms soil our heel,
Their spear-points crash like crisping ice,
On ribs of stubborn steel!
Hurra! hurra! their whirlwinds sweep,
And Harald's fate is sped;
Bear on the flag—he goes to sleep
With the life-scouring dead.
Thus fell the young Harald, as of old fell his sires,
And the bright hall of heroes bade hail to his spirit!

From the same.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered East, I've wandered West,
Through many a weary way:
But never, never can forget
The love o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond love grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts of bygone years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'T was then we luvit ilk iither weel,
'T was then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! two bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'T was then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk iither lear:
And tones; and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think?
When baith bent down ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh mind ye, how we hung our heads
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans laughin said,
We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye, o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran aff to speel the braes—
The broomy braes o' June!

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' love!
Oh lightsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh, mind ye, love, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its water's croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin o' the wood,
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees;
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
I' the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness, grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trickled down your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I ha'e been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye ha'e been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

POWER OF MUSIC.—The following incident occurred to B. Romberge, at a concert which he gave at Petersburg in April last. It affords a fresh proof of the influence of music over animate beings. The Countess of R—, who was seated in the first row of benches, observed a large spider, which gradually moved nearer and nearer to the player, whilst he was performing; and, when it had approached to a very short distance from him, stood perfectly still, as it listened to his delightful playing. Aloud and violent chord, however, seemed, either from the noise it occasioned, or the vibration it produced on the floor, to scare the insect, and it ran towards the Countess, who, in her fright, begged a neighbor not to tread it under foot, but to make it move in another direction. Romberge, in the mean while, had come to a softer passage, at which the spider, instead of continuing his flight, turned back and approached close to the performer, and remained transfixed to the spot until he had finished his solo. The spider, which then disappeared, had not escaped Romberge's attention too. He observed that it had frequently occurred to him to remark a similar fondness for soft and gentle melodies in other insects of the same species; which he conceives to arise from the peculiar harmony of the violinello.

Voiture was the son of a vintner; and like Prior, was so mortified, whenever reminded of his original occupation, that it was said of him, that wine, which cheered the heart of all men, sickened that of Voiture. John Baptist Rousseau, the poet, was the son of a cobbler; and when his honest parent waited at the door of the theatre, to embrace his son on the success of his first piece, the inhuman poet repulsed his venerable father with insult and contempt. Akenside ever considered his lameness as an insupportable misfortune, since it continually reminded him of his origin; having been occasioned by a fall of a cleaver from one of his father's blocks, a respectable butcher. Milton delighted in contemplating his own person; and the engraver not having reached our sublime bard's "ideal grace," he has painted his indignation in four iambs. Among the complaints of Pope, is that of the "pictured shape." Even the strong minded Johnson would not be painted "Blinking Sam." Mr Boswell tells us that Goldsmith attempted to show his agility to be superior to the dancing of an ape, whose praise had occasioned him a fit of jealousy; but he failed in imitating his rival.

It was Plato's idea, that on children's minds should be engraven, as on brass, in indelible characters, the eternal ideas of truth and justice; that the wicked are miserable in prosperity, and that virtue is happy in persecution, and even in oblivion.

Plato, when asked by what signs a traveller may know, immediately on his arrival in any city, that education is neglected there, answered—"If he finds that physicians and judges are necessary."

The deputies from Lacedæmon to the King of Persia, when asked by an individual in what character they meant to carry on their negotiation, replied, "If it fails, as individuals; if it succeeds, as ambassadors."

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